THE PACIFIC

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Pac Theo Sem
Reading Room

PACIFIC
Theological Seminary,

IF WE HAD THE TIME.

If I had the time to find a place,
And sit me down full face to face
With my better self, that cannot show
In my daily life that rushes so,
It might be then I would see my soul
Was stumbling still toward the shining goal,
I might be moved by the thought sublime—
If I had the time!

If I had the time to let my heart
Speak out and take in my life a part,
To look about and to stretch a hand
To a comrade quartered in no-luck land,
O God! if I might but just sit still
And hear the note of the whip-poor-will,
I think that my wish with God's would rhyme,
If I had the time!

If I had the time to learn from you
How much for comfort my word could do,
And I told you then of my sudden will,
To kiss your feet when I did you ill!
If the tears aback of the coldness feigned
Could flow, and the wrong be quite explained—
Brothers, the souls of us all would chime
If we had the time!

—Richard Burton.

THE PACIFIC

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W. W. Ferrier, Editor,
2716 Hillegass Ave., Berkeley.

CHRONICLE AND COMMENT.

May and June are the great months for religious meetings in England; and largely they are held in London. About 400 were arranged for this year.

Roman Catholic leaders are of opinion that there is a great opportunity for Roman Catholicism in this country; and one of the aims of the congress to be held soon in Washington will be to discover how best to make America dominantly Catholic.

Last year the foreign missionary societies of the United States raised $9,147,364 for their work. Of the thirty-five societies that of the Methodist Episcopal Church received the largest amount, $2,050,237. The Presbyterian Church, North, received $1,347,265. The American Board, the Congregational Society, received $837,999. About $21,000,000 were contributed throughout the world last year to the work of foreign missions, nearly one-half of which came from the United States.

France gives more largely to the work of Roman Catholic missions than any other country. The Society for the Propagation of the Faith reports $1,286,517 contributed during 1908, and from different countries as follows: France, $616,427; Germany, $133,411; Switzerland, $17,964; Austria, $11,872; Holland, $13,973; Ireland, $14,080; England, $9114; Scotland, $1533; Spain, $34,359; Portugal, $5076; Italy, $48,226; Canada, $2571; United States, $193,122; Mexico, $24,135; South American countries, $56,193.

The recent catalogue of Oberlin College which contains the names and addresses of 19,710 persons in attendance at the college since its establishment assigns 8,009 to Orio, 1,481 to Illinois, 1,234 to New York, 1,045 to Michigan, 792 to Pennsylvania, 748 to California, 619 to Iowa. Other states credited with more than 300 each are Indiana, Colorado, Kansas, Massachusetts, Minnesota, Missouri and Wisconsin. In the list there are 17 college presidents, 284 professors, 52 public school superintendents, 343 lawyers, 60 judges, 352 physicians, 589 ministers, 1,497 teachers, 1,590 business men and 668 in technical occupations. Of the alumni 3,886 are living.

On Port Townsend Bay in the State of Washington there will be in operation soon a steel plant which will turn out one hundred and fifty tons of finished steel products a day. With the completion of the Panama Canal and the bringing of European laborers direct to the Pacific Coast in immigrant ships, a new era will dawn for the Coast in the manufacturing line. The opening of this steel plant is simply a beginning of great things to come in the next few decades in many lines. The steel industry in this country is still in its infancy; and yet its remarkable growth since 1880 is shown by the following figures: In 1880 the production was 1,247,000 tons, in 1885 it was 1,712,000 tons; in 1890 it was 4,277,000 tons; in 1895 it was 6,115,000 tons;; in 1900 it was 10,188,000 tons; in 1905 it was 20,240,000 tons; in 1907 it was 23,360,000 tons.

Booker T. Washington says that at least sixty-five Southern schools were being anonymously aided by the late Henry H. Rogers at the time of his death. He writes: "I am sure that the members of his family will forgive me for telling, now that he has laid down his great work and gone to rest, some things about him which I feel that the public should know, but which he always forbade me to mention while he lived. The first time I ever met Mr. Rogers was in this manner: About fifteen years ago, a large meeting was held in Madison Square Garden concert hall, to obtain funds for the Tuscogee Institute. Mr. Rogers attended the meeting, but came late, and as the auditorium was crowded he could not get a seat. He stood in the back part of the hall, however, and listened to the speaking. The next morning I received a telegram from him asking me to call at his office. When I entered he remarked that he had been present at the meeting the night previous and expected the "hat to be passed," but as that was not done he wanted to "chip in" something. Thereupon he handed me ten one-thousnad-dollar bills for the Tuskogee Institute. In doing this he imposed only one condition, that the gift should be mentioned to no one. Later on, however, when I told him that I did not care to take so large a sum of money without some one knowing it, he consented that I tell one of two of our trustees about the source of the gift. I cannot now recall the number of times that he has helped us, but in doing so he always insisted that his name be never used. He seemed to enjoy making gifts in currency." Mr. Washington says further: "I saw Mr. Rogers frequently when I was in New York. No matter how busy he was, or how much his name was being bandied about in public controversies, in which he was often misunderstood and often abused, he always had time and seemed glad to see me, and he always seemed very happy to take time to hear my report of the progress of the work he was aiding. Only a few days before Mr. Rogers passed away, I had an extended interview with him in his office, when he arranged for me to make a trip over his new Virginia railway, for the purpose of studying the conditions of the colored people along the routes, and of devising some means by which he might assist them in their education and in the development of their agricultural life. It seemed to me that he was quite as much interested in the possibility of helping the people along the line of his railroad as he was in completing the road itself. It is said also that Mr. Rogers got a great deal of enjoyment out of doing the little unexpected things for people. For example, he had in his office three or four bright young colored men who served as messengers. He saw in some of my writngs the following sentence: 'I believe that any man's life will be filled with constant and

unexpected encouragements, if he makes up his mind to do his level best each day—that is, tries to make each day as nearly as possible reach the high-water mark of pure, unselfish, and useful living.' At once he made arrangements for this sentence to be put in an attractive form and given to the colored boys, so that it would be near them as they worked in his office day by day."

Professor Henry Strobel, formerly of the chair of international law in Harvard, was for five years the general adviser of the government of Siam. He died recently and great honor was paid him, at the funeral ceremonies, by the king. The body was cremated. A private letter from Siam tells as follows of the ceremonies and the interest of the king therein: "The representatives who were appointed to arrange the details of the cermony were considering the question of the character of the religious services to be observed when his Majesty entered. As soon as he learned the nature of the question under consideration he remarked: 'Gentlemen, there will be Christian services at the cremation of Mr. Strobel. Siam is tolerant, and whatever faith a man who serves this government may hold, whether he be a Mohammedan, a Buddhist, or a Christian, when we come to express our appreciation of his services in the last sad-rites shown him, his faith shall be respected. Mr. Strobel's great company of friends throughout the world are Christians, and it will be to them a pleasure to learn that at the last sad honors paid to him by our government his faith was respected.' With high appreciation of this courtesy, services brief, simple, and appropriate were prepared for the occasion, and later we were informed that it was the wish of the government that the American minister should conduct the services. Up to the hour of the ceremony it was not known whether his Majesty would be present at the reading. As the appointed hour approached the under secretary of state for foreign affairs said to me: 'His Majesty will be present at the services today. I have just received a message from the palace in which his Majesty says: "Tell Mr. King I may be a little late, but I would have him wait for me, for I wish to be present when the services are read.' " His Majesty came into the pavilion at the base of the pyre, and, with bared head, stood next the reader, surrounded by the representative princes of the realm. As his Majesty ascended the large Royal Pavilion he stood a moment in silence, looking at the silver fuse that connected this pavilion with the pyre, and the long wand with which it is the custom for the king to apply the electric spark; then with evident emotion he waved his hand and said: 'No, I have loved this friend, take these away.' They were removed, and his Majesty, accompanied by the Princess, took his positon in a small pavilion at the pyre, listened to the reading of the Christian services, and then, alone, ascended the steps of the pyre, lighted the fire with his own hand, and passed out. This is the highest honor that can be shown by the king at such a time. The settings were altogether Oriental, the ceremony was that which according to custom is accompanied by Buddhistic services, the priests were present in large numbers, but no Buddhist rites were observed; and the entire cermony was impressive, dignified, and solemn in the extreme. Truly the king loved this man. Siam has paid him high tribute, and through him we feel that our country has been honored. The ashes have been placed in a silver urn prepared for the purpose by the court jeweler in which has been placed the following inscription from the English Scriptures: 'For God giveth to a man that is good in his sight, wisdom, and knowledge, and joy. Wisdom is better than strength. Wisdom is better than weapons of war.' "

The New York Post has prepared an elaborate business directory of the United States Senate, and expresses the opinion that its readers will be surprised at the number of senators who are engaged in large business enterprises. The tabulation was made with the tariff bill in mind, and the Post remarks: "With all respect to the wisdom, sagacity, and business ability of the senators, we deny that it is possible for a large number of them to deal with tariff issues in anything like a judicial frame of mind. We do not believe it is likely, for instance, that a senator like Simon Guggenheim can have an unbiased opinion as to what should be and what should not be the tariff on ores, or that Senator Carter of Montana could form a proper opinion as to what is the right tax on wool and woolen garments. Yet upon these men rests largely the decision as to what the average citizen is going to pay for the next few years for the clothes he wears, the things he eats, and the materials he uses. Can any one maintain that they will give the country a scientific revision of any schedule?" An examination shows the following: Farmers, 10; merchants, 4; corporation lawyers, 27; lawyers without special leanings, 40; bankers and holders of bank stocks, 21; manufacturers, 11; holders of railway stocks, 19; holders of industrial stocks, 26; holders of steamship interests, 6; holders of mining interests, 17; holders of lumber interests, 9; connected with public utility corporations, 8; owners of large tracts of land, 9; rated as poor men, 10; rated as millionaires, at least 22; indefinitely reported to have leanings toward corporations, 16. As to the connections of Senator Perkins of California, the Post says: "Sailor, merchant, banker, farmer, mine owner, steamship manager, president San Francisco Merchants' Exchange, leader in Masonic order, State Senator, Governor California, for years controlled Pacific Coast traffic." Of Senator Flint it is said: "Lawyer, assistant United States district attorney, United States district attorney; attorney for Southern Pacific Railroad; has banking connections; not a Senator long enough to have shown his trend thoroughly; has been called 'friendly to oil interests,' but he says: 'I have no connection whatever with any oil companies or any oil interests. A year or two before my election to the Senate I was employed by a number of oil companies in connection with litigation regarding the title to their lands. I have received a great many letters from the commercial bodies of my State within the last sixty days, stating that, in their opinion, the placing of oil on the free list would be a great injury to the oil producers of the state, and I am inclined to agree with them in this. But I have no interest, either directly or indirectly, in the stock of any oil company." Jonathan Bourne of Oregon is sketched as follows: "Lawyer only one year; interested in mining; inherited one-third of the Bourne Cotton Mills of Fall River, Mass., from which he gets an income of about $35,000 a year; owns mining property in Oregon, and is reputed to be a speculator, mostly in copper stocks; president of Oregon corporations; state legislator." For Senator Chamberlain the record is: "Lawyer, state legislator, district attorney, attorney-general of Oregon twice; a man of moderate means; has small amount of stock in the United States National Bank of Portland; lost quite heavily through the failure of a bank at Albany, Ore., in 1892, and has never entirely recovered; has not

hesitated to say publicly and privately that railroads and all public service and other corporations should be compelled to obey the laws as implicitly as the citizen." Of Senator Piles of Washington, the Post says: "Lawyer, assistant district atorney, city attorney of Seattle; general counsel of the Oregon Improvement Company, and of the same when reorganized as the Pacific Coast Company, a corporation owning and operating coal mines and railroads and a steamship line, until his election to Senate in 1905; owns real estate in Seattle, but is not regarded as wealthy." As to Senator Jones the investiagtion showed: "Lawyer, congressman; elected to offices each time after publicly promising to spend no money for support; never attorney (according to his own statement) for any railroad, telegraph or express company, or any public service corporation, and says he has no interest in any corporation of any kind, except two shares in a horticultural union; owns 125 acres of agricultural lands, of which 10 acres are orchards and 90 planted in alfalfa." As to Senator Reed Smoot of Utah, we find this: "Banker and woolen manufacturer; president of the Provo Commercial and Savings Bank, Smoot Investment Company, Smoot Drug Company, and Electric Company of Provo; president of the Provo Woolen Mills; director of the following Salt Lake corporations: Zion's Co-operative Mercantile Company, Deseret Savings Bank, Deseret National Bank; interested in many Utah mines." And the Springfield Republican is quoted as saying: "One of the surprises of the tariff debates in the United States Senate has been the prominence given to Reed Smoot, the Mormon Senator, who was lately made a member of the Finance Committee, and the extent of his knowledge of the tariff schedules. His preparation for this display is that he has been a wool grower and woolen manufacturer, a banker, and practical business man. He is a tireless worker, and Senator Aldrich is said to rely much on Senator Smoot." As to Senator Heyburn of Idaho it was ascertained: "Mining lawyer; believed to have an interest in mines; has been foremost in defending the lead schedules; heretofore looked upon as an independent voter in most matters, but was conspicuous in opposing forest preservation measures." And as to Senator Borah, this: "Lawyer; has been attorney for mining interests; was counsel for big lumber company and was indicted in that connection through efforts of personal enemies, but was not apparently interested personally in the business and got a speedy acquittal, after refusing to take advantage of statute of limitations or other technicalities."

THE POWER OF THE HUMAN MIND.

Rev. E. L. House, D.D.

A writer tells us "that the bee is a honey making creature; it roams over many fields, gathers its harvest from many flowers, comes back laden with honey and wax, and stores them up. That is the bee's sole hope for its future winter. As the honey he makes so is he. The spider is a web making creature. Out of his own substance he weaves a web in a corner for the capture of his food. And that web is the spider's only hope of future sustenance. These are the constitutional and characteristic functions of these little creatures.

Man is a thinking creature; that is his constitutional function. He eats and drinks, he laughs and weeps; but these are only the incidents of his life. The underlying fibre and fabric of what he is, and is to be, is thought.

Man must think. Just as he breathes for his body, so he must think for his soul. The shuttles are forever flying, and no shuttle goes empty; each one carries a thought of some kind, good or bad, into the web. When the web is finished, we call it character. That is what the man is. "Every man is the son of his own works," says Cervantes. We may amend it by saying, "Every man is the son of his own thoughts." As he thinketh in his heart so is he." As the bee must live on the honey stored up, as the spider must live well or ill by the quality of the web he wove for himself, so must man bear and wear the character and destiny which he wove for himself on the loom of thought.

Let us now turn to the application of this thought, as it affects man physically, mentally, and spiritually.

First, thought rules us physically. God says of Himself, "As I have thought, so shall it come to pass." Thought then rules the world, and therefore must rule the body of man. Shakespeare says: "'Tis the mind that makes the body rich."

The success or failure of a man, then, depends upon what he thinks. Envy, hatred, doubt, despair, bring disease and destroy the body as well as corrode the soul. Thoughts of love, kindness, health, and hope are builders of the soul, and strengthen the body, bringing happiness and health.

Now all knowledge comes through suggestion. And suggestion comes to us through one or more of the five windows, hearing, seeing, smelling, tasting, feeling. This knowledge received through the mortal mind by way of the senses, is whispered to the immortal soul and shapes its destiny. It counts an atom in building the great structure of man.

Now we may not only receive suggestion from others, but we may also suggest to ourselves. In this way every emotion, sensation, inclination, and desire of our lives may be increased, diminished or perverted. This being true, we suggest to the inner man that we will not do the things that are detrimental to our best interests. As a result evil desires or propensities gradually fade away.

Take an illustration in its physical relation. We may be lacking in some special function, and the mind commands that there should be an increased manifestation of strength in the weakened part. And just as sure as this suggestion is continued, so certainly will there be an increase in the strength of the weakened organ. Hence where there is weakness, strength may be added by suggestion. If we can control our thoughts we may sway our destiny. It has become a scientific axiom today that every thought we think has its corresponding effect on the whole or some part of the human anatomy. The mind can both create and cure disease. Think disease—keep on thinking disease, and it will not disappoint you,—disease will make its appearance. Think good, pure, noble, happy, healthful thoughts, and the rich, pure blood will go bounding through the blood vessels, carrying the glad tidings of health.

It has been said, "That men, women and children are diseased and dying around us everywhere as the result of pathologic thought. Correct the thought of the world, and disease will be largely swept away." Every hopeful idea created in the mind stimulates the heart, improves digestion, and promotes normal action of every gland.

The red and white corpuscles of the human body are the standing army of man. Upon these we depend to heal the wounds, build up new tissue, and attack the poisonous bacilli that may attempt to enter the system. It is seen, therefore, that our lives depend upon the condition and

number of these little soldiers. Let their vitality or number be reduced and the invading bacilli scale the ramparts, swarm over the body, and taking possession, destroy it.

These corpuscles are wonderfully influenced by the mind. Unhealthful morbid thoughts, destroy them. But faith, hope, happiness and love, create them, and send them swarming through the body until fibre and tissue throbs with life. To prove the truth of this statement, it is only necessary to enter upon a course of training suggested by my thought, and it can be very quickly proven.

It is well for us to remember, that there are a great many people being healed nowadays in their bodies along certain lines. There is in our nature a far greater power than most of us use. These reserves are often brought out by some sudden calamity or test.

Then to remedy some ailment of the body, in the conscious quiet of God's presence concentrate your thought upon your weak, troubled, nervous self, directing the mind upon the physical spot to be remedied. You have seen a flash of light penetrate the darkness to disclose the objects lurking there. Thought focussed upon the different parts of a weak or sluggish body sends vital energy through these parts, which expresses itself in sensation of warmth, or strength, or illumination, or exhiliration, according to the remedy desired. And only a few such mental applications covering a few minutes of time are needed for results.

Remember, it is as Dr. Schofield has said, "Mind may have its limits, but those limits have never yet been discovered."

And let us not forget, that we may not only suggest to ourselves, but we may suggest to others, and receive suggestions from them. Have you noticed that when the little child falls, he often looks up to you, before he makes any sign as to what he is going to do? If you laugh, he smiles, and laughs; if you look sad, and begin to pity, he begins to cry. Your auto-suggestion has its effects upon him. You go down the street tomorrow, and let several persons meet you, and tell you how badly you are looking, and while at first it may not have affected you, after awhile you begin to feel that you are not very well, and perhaps you had better go home and keep quiet until you feel better. To mentally picture ill-health, is to mentally create ill-health.

Let the sub-conscious depths be laid bare to receive the invigorating thoughts of another. If the curative suggestion be good, let the reason step aside for a little, and you will find good. Be a child for a little while. If your little one is afraid of the dark, you sit by his bedside for a few nights and say to him in reassuring words: "Do not fear the dark, my boy. There is nothing that can harm you. God has given the dark to you to rest in, so you will be strong and fresh for your work, and play, to morrow. The dark is your friend, not your enemy. Be a brave and heroic little man in the dark as well as in the light." What happens? You are invigorating the mind of that boy, and he receives help from you by your suggestion.

In the second place, thought can strengthen and help the mental powers of man. There is not a shadow of doubt but what all the intellectual faculties may be strengthened by the application of the laws of suggestion to brain building. Concentration is the secret of memory culture. When a thing occupies the mind to the exclusion of everything else, it is never forgotten. To illustrate, "You are going down the street seeing everything in general, and nothing in particular; the signs, the buildings, the people are all making transient impressions upon your mind, but none of these impressions are deep enough to be retained. They do not result in perfect cell foramtion. Now your attention is attracted by a runaway. A heavy dray team is rushing down the street. You stop and look. All your powers of perception are centered upon that runaway. You forget your surroundings, your business, your studies, your home; your mind is concentrated upon the one thing. Directly a lady in a carriage appears on a cross street. There is a collision, a crash; you hold your breath in suspense; and the result is that your whole being is intensified and concentrated upon the accident. Years may erase from your mind all the scenes of the morning, except the runaway and that moment of the crisis, but this will remain vivid as long as life lasts. Now why? Because your mind was intensely active, and the scene of the runaway commanded your whole undivided attention.

The secret then of brain building, as related to the intellect, is concentrated thought upon one thing to be mastered. Up in the Northwest country is a distinguished judge, who is widely known for his exceptional memory and ability to quote law and court decisions correctly. The judge says that when he was a boy, he was a dullard. He was sent to the country to live with his uncle, because he could not keep up with his classes. The uncle would take the boy with him about his work, and continually call his attention to things, compelling him to use his eyes, and to notice everything in detail. If he dropped his hammer, in a few moments he would ask: "Where did I drop my hammer?" When the boy would tell him, his uncle would say, "t is wonderful how you see everything. You have the best memory of any boy I ever saw." At the table the uncle would tell the family of the wonderful memory of his nephew. The judge said: "I used to lie awake nights trying to locate everything we had used during the day so that I could surprise uncle by telling him." After three years of assisting his uncle on the farm, his powers of perception and memory had been so specialized and strengthened that he returned to the city, took a thorough education and is now especially gifted in the very qualities of mind in which he was deficient as a child.

Yes, it has been experimentally demonstrated that any repeatable intelligence, or ideal can be embodied in brain cells and when thus embodied, it becomes an integral part of ourselves. It is therefore possible to transform the intellect and character of every man, by brain building and the embodiment of new ideals. Every poor memory can be strengthened, every mental faculty can be improved, every emotion can be controlled, and every bad habit can be broken. Everyone willing to meet and obey the laws of thought and meet the Lord's plan of salvation can be saved from degeneration to regeneration.

And now once more let us notice the power of thought upon the soul. "As he thinketh in his heart, so is he." Our thoughts, then, are the characteristic thing in us, the dominant and determining thing. The clothes we wear can be laid off at any time. The poor man in this world's goods, and poorly clad, coming into a fortune can be transformed by a tailor in twenty-four hours into the appearance of a prince. But the clothes are not the man; they are no part of him; he is not transformed by them. The tissues of the body can be sloughed off and changed; they are no part of us. They are finally all removed and dissolved in the dust. But the fabric of thought which we weave abides, surviving poverty and riches, sickness and

health, death and the dissolution of the grave.

Now where does this little weaver in heart and brain get the thought stuff for his shuttles? Many telegraph wires run through our country, coming from scenes of war and peace, industry and learning, of sorrow and joy, each carrying some swift message. These wires are gathered into a central office, and the operator translates these messages and sends them out to the various centers that may want them. So our five senses are main wires going out into the world, gathering sensations and experiences from the city, the country, the companions we meet, the books we read, the pictures we see. Another wire goes down into the depths of our own nature, bringing up mysterious messages given out by our consciousness, speaking of good and evil, of right and wrong, and of a judgment to come. Then there are wires from heaven above, on which God and good angels are sending messages; wires from hell below, on which the devil and his angels are sending suggestions. The heart of man is the central office into which all these wires run. There is plenty of material for the soul to act upon. But the soul is not at the mercy of all this "stuff." If the message is not to your interest you can hang up the telephone and let it ring. You can stuff the bell and silence its ringing. You can switch off your telegraph instrument and let the current pass off into the ground. So in the central office of the heart and the brain, we can accept or reject the messages coming in upon us; we can shut our eyes, close our ears, we can refuse our attention.

In the republic of the brain there are legislative faculties, the reason, the conscience and the will. We can call a congress of these faculties to pass on these incoming suggestions, to accept or reject them, and to say what we shall put into character.

We must now advance a step, and say that the law of suggestion helps the soul qualities. It is a law of the mind that the strongest suggestion at any given time controls conduct. When halting between two opinions, the more potential one rules. It is a law of soul building that those suggestions most often and most thoroughly lodged in the subjective mind become the ruling motives. Therefore to overcome any weakness, to strengthen any power of mind, or to establish any trait of character, it is only necessary to lodge with sufficient emphasis in the subjective mind such suggestions as are calculated to produce the desired result.

Dr. Riddell tells us this story: "In a Califorina town, I employed a little boy to assist me in the distribution of hand bills. I soon discovered that he was a kleptomaniac. His reputation for stealing was so well established that the grocerymen watched him as he passed their fruit stands, and if he entered a store, somebody kept an eye on him. His mother told me that she had driven him away from home because he was incorrigible. I got close to the boy's heart, took him into my confidence, acquainted him with my plans, and invited him to be my partner while I remained in the city. I assured him that I would be strictly honest with him, and felt that I could depend upon his being honest with me. I asked him if he ever had any temptation to steal. He confessed that he had. You will not steal from me, nor I from you; neither will we steal from any one else. From this time on we are going to be honest. You are an honest boy. Deep down in your little heart you want to do right. I know you will do right and I am going to depend upon you." Here the big tears filled his eyes, and chased down his dirty face. Putting my arm about him I said: "Now you will be honest, won't you?" He affirmed that he would. Then I repeated slowly, "You are honest. You will not steal. You will not deceive me." I had him affirm several times each day, to himself, "I am honest. I do not steal." I called him my honest little man. I kept the suggestion that he was honest uppermost in his mind all the time. Within forty-eight hours I sent him to the bank to get a five dollar bill changed. His mother told me that he could not be trusted with a dime. During our two weeks together he never disappointed me, and could he have remained with me, I am sure that he would have completely outgrown his mania for stealing.

We see, therefore, the value of high ideals, and morality, lodged in the soul of man. But some reader has already said, "What about religion? where does that come in?" It should come in at the very first, if man is to realize his highest, and everlasting good. Let religion come before New Thought, Mental Healing, or any of the new movements of the day. Man must not forget that there is a power which develops his life above every other power, and that is spiritual power. "Ye must be born again" starts the man of the Twentieth Century aright, as it did the First, and will never be out of date, no matter what new developments may come. The blood of the Lamb has not, and never will lose its cleansing power; and the Holy Spirit will never grow weary in the washing of regeneration.

I am not afraid of the new thought of the day, as long as it clings to Christ and the Word of God. I am afraid of any and every movement that magnifies the physical over the spiritual, and that does not save men as sinners. But the true Christian man welcomes all new teaching which shall help him to grasp and make the most of his body, his mind, and his soul.

LAYING HOLD ON LIFE."

A Sermon by Albert W. Palmer.

1 Timothy 6:19. "That they may lay hold on the life which is life indeed."

That, I conceive, is the chief occupation of us all—laying hold on life. Some of us are making pretty poor business of it, it would seem. As one sees the feet of young men under the swinging doors of the saloon, as one watches the crowds on the race-track train at the ferry building, as one passes in the street the woman "whose steps take hold on hell," as one reads the evening newspaper with its glaring headlines of "Murder," "Divorce" and "Suicide," as one thinks of some of the foul and indecent plays that are disgracing too many of our theaters, and even as one studies the faces of the people who throng the sidewalks and the street cars, there comes the saddening realization that many of us are laying hold on a life which is, indeed, no life but death.

Possibly it will not be amiss in such days as these and amid the multiform temptations of our modern civilization to suggest, especially to the young men and women to whom this message may come, some ways of laying hold on that life which is life indeed. I take it for granted that we all want to lay hold on the largest, richest, deepest life that is possible. I take it for granted that we are all ready to say with Tennyson,

> "Whatever crazy sorrow saith,
> No life that breathes with human breath
> Has ever truly longed for death.

Tis life whereof our nerves are scant,
Oh life, not death, for which we pant,
More life, and fuller, that I want."

The question before us is, then, how to lay hold on a life so broad, so deep, so many-sided, so wholesome that it shall be "life indeed."

I am going to begin at the very bottom of the ladder. If you are going to lay hold on the life which is life indeed the first thing to do is to lay hold on a sound physical life. The things we want to know about a week old baby are Does it breathe? Does it take nourishment? Does it cry? Does it sleep? If it does these things it is laying hold on life according to the measure of its ability. The need of laying hold on life in this way goes right on through life. If you are not breathing plenty of fresh air, if you are not eating a generous amount of nourishing food, if you take no proper exercise, for the baby's crying is his form of exercise, and if you rob yourself of sleep, you can rest assured that you are not laying hold on life in any proper fashion. Some of the world's invalids like Darwin and Robert Louis Stevenson have done great deeds in spite of physical handicaps, but they would be the last people in the world to advise a young man or woman to seek invalidism as a highway to a larger life. Such divergent movements in modern life as the interest in play grounds, the campaign against tuberculosis, Christian Science, the interest in physical culture and athletics, and the Emmanuel Movement are indicative of a sane and wholesome regard for health.

And so the first word in a strong and effective laying hold on the life which is life indeed is to lay hold on a sound physical life. Give your body food, sleep, exercise. Give it wholesome, happy, generous thoughts and impulses. Don't burden it with alcohol, or with continual brooding over your various ailments. Lay hold, in your thought and in your habits, on health. Among the Russian Jews when they say of a rabbi, "He is physically frail," it is esteemed a compliment and implies that he is spiritually a giant. Don't make the mistake of judging your minister that way! If he looks tired and worn, it is probably not due to a sudden access of spirituality but to doing a lot of work that someone ought to relieve him of!

In the second place, if you are going to lay hold on that abundant life which is life indeed I would say: Lay hold on the joyous life. The second thing that a child learns is to play, and I think there is a profound significance in the joyous play of childhood. It tells us that life was meant to be happy and that activity and work should be filled with joy. Macaulay said of the Puritans that they hated the popular sport of bear baiting, not because it gave pain to the bear but because it gave pleasure to the spectators! Probably the Puritans were not as grim as they have been painted, but, be that as it may, we have got out into a sad and sour existence without a smile or a peal of laughter. We are rediscovering today the joy of Jesus, and the naturalness and happiness of the Gospels. The Jesus who attended the wedding at Cana, who was the welcome guest at many banquets, who was amused at the children playing in the market place, was a man of joy as well as a man of sorrows.

If you would lay hold on the life which is life indeed, then, lay hold on the joyful life. See the humor and share in the merriment around you. Jesus did, and Jesus would. But there are two things Jesus did not do. He never purchased any joy at the cost of injury, or loss, or shame to any other soul. He never conceived of any transient happiness as the main object of life. He was a man of joy, but he willingly faced suffering when suffering was necessary for the salvation and service of men.

So, if you would lay hold on life, lay hold on joy, meet life with a smile, enter into the fun of living, never forget how to play, but at the same time see clearly the limits. Joy at the cost of another's loss or shame is only bitterness and shame at last, and mere pleasure seeking in the face of the world's call to heroic service is contemptible cowardice.

In the third place, if you would lay hold on the life which is life indeed, lay hold on the intellectual life. The third task of childhood is to learn. Did you ever stop to think of the intellectual task before a child, and how bravely and persistently even a baby works away at the tremendous task of learning a language, interpreting a strange and contradictory world, discovering the personal peculiarities of fathers, mothers, sisters, brothers, stoves, chairs, stairways, dogs, cats and rag dolls? You may smile but the amount of intellectual activity put forth by a child before it is six years old and begins what in our ignorance we call its education is simply enormous.

The man who would lay hold on the life which is life indeed will never willingly cease from this habit of learning things. The finest gift of the nineteenth century to a world too much bound in superstition and dogmatism was what we call the scientific spirit. The scientific spirit believes that the truth is always safe and anything else is always dangerous. It is willing to sit down patiently before every fact and ask not, "What ought this to mean?" or "What did some one long since dead tell us we must think this meant?" but "What does this fact in the light of the most searching investigation really mean?" I believe that the scientific spirit is the most reverent spirit as well. This is God's universe, and all the facts in it are God's facts, and it is a profoundly reverent thing to enquire just what the facts of God's universe are, to try to think God's thoughts after Him.

I am impressed with the fact that Jesus lived in the scientific spirit long before the name of it was invented. He was always very reasonable in his appeal to men: "Which of you if he have a hundred sheep, and one go astray," is his characteristic way of appealing to men's reasons. The scientific spirit has had no better satement or finer vindication than the saying of Jesus: "Ye shall know the truth and the truth shall make you free."

Therefore, if any man would lay hold on the life which is life indeed, let him lay hold on the intellectual life, let him live in the scientific spirit, let him go out into this great universe which is God's universe and reverently put questions to it, let him seek for the facts of life and build only on them. Let him distrust any church or any cult that says you must swallow this dogma without investigating it, you must read only one book, you must confine yourself to one man's (or one woman's) interpretation of the Bible, you must believe these things because the church teaches them, and if you don't believe them you will be damned. Rather I would say if a man is really to lay hold on life let him lay hold on the great facts of life and interpret them for himself, let him believe things because in his judgment and experience they commend themselves as true.

Only let a man beware that he forget not some of the facts of life. The facts of life cannot be all seen or weighed

or measured. Some of the most potent facts of life, like a mother's love or the scientific spirit itself, will escape you if you count only the material facts. The great longings of the human heart, the sense of right and wrong, the response to beauty, the yearning of love—these are facts of life you must not overlook. Abraham going out across the desert seeking a better city, Moses called out of the desert to deliver a broken and oppressed people, Jesus bearing his cross on the way to Calvary—these also are facts, and no man can lay hold on the life which is life indeed until he has seen the great truths behind such facts as these and included them in his interpretation of the universe.

In the fourth place if a man would lay hold on the life which is life indeed, let him lay hold on the moral life. The baby must learn to breathe and eat and cry and sleep in order to lay hold on life. The little child lays a firmer grasp on life by learning to play. The hold becomes stronger and larger as the boy or girl step by step masters the facts of life, and the lessons of the school. But the most anxious question every father and mother asks is, How will my boy or my girl face temptation when it comes? Will this youngster with his sturdy body, his joyous play, his quick mind also lay hold on that deeper moral life without which all the rest shall only come to shipwreck?

This is the very deep and serious question that we are facing today as a nation and a civilization. There is no longer any danger that we will not lay hold on physical life. The days of starvation at Plymouth Rock will never come again. There is no longer any danger of our failing to lay hold on the joyous life. The grim hard outlook of Puritanism is gone forever. There is no longer any danger that as a people we will not lay hold on the intellectual life. Our schools and colleges are abundant assurance against any age either of superstition or stupidity. But the question that menaces us is, Will this American civilization of which we are a part lay hold of the moral life? Can we reach a stage of development where we can be just and honest and clean? There are certain great moral laws which permeate the universe through and through. No technicalities ever interfere with the sureness of their application, and no Appellate Court can save the man or the civilization that violates them from punishment that shall surely follow.

The civilization of our day, especially of our cities, needs to hear a clear high call to heed the moral law. There is too much sexual immorality, as the advertisements of the "Specialists" which disgrace our newspapers abundantly testify. People do not advertise things they cannot find a demand for. When a fine chivalry and regard for womanhood give place to riot and debauchery then we can read very clearly in the history of Greece and Rome what the future shall have in store for us. There is too much business dishonesty. When men can give bribes and not lose their social standing in the community, when great corporations can break and evade the laws of the nation, and when it becomes practically impossible to punish offenders, then it is not far to rebellion and anarchy. There is too much political immorality. There can be no advance to a higher type of civilization until the graft and corruption which rules so large a part of our political life are overthrown by a new patriotism which shall treat a man who corrupts politics as it would treat a man who publicly insulted the American flag.

If any man would lay hold on the life which is life indeed in this day let him lay hold on a positively and aggressively moral life. The man who keeps his personal habits clean, who knows the joy of sin conquered and overcome, who takes the ten commandments and the sermon on the mount into his business life and who shares aggressively in those movements of his day which look toward an improvement of social and political conditions, that man is laying hold on the life which is life indeed.

Once more, if any man would lay hold on life let him lay hold on the brotherly life. The world needs more than a cold hard morality, it needs the warmth of sympathy, the inspiration of love. It is a significant step in the process of human development when the small boy awakens to the possibilities of team play. The average boy under twelve years old wishes to occupy the center of the stage all the time. Games with boys before twelve are aggregations of star players with no team work worth mentioning. But some time in the teens there develops something new, a capacity for team work. For the sake of the honor of the school the boy is willing to play an obscure game away out in the left field while a better man occupies the center of attention in the pitcher's box. This is the beginning of a higher life, the life of co-operation, of self-sacrifice, of brotherhood.

A man can lay hold on a splendid physique, he can live a joyous and happy life, he can be keenly intellectual, and attain a reputation for spotless integrity, and yet only imperfectly and incompletely have laid hold on the life which is life indeed, because he has missed that deeper world of personal relationships. The thing that gives motive power to our work, that fills our living with eagerness and zest is no mere physical joy of living, no mere happiness. no mere pursuit of knowledge, not even a passion for moral ideals. These all play their parts, but their parts are comparatively incidental when compared to the great motives which root in our personal relationships. Take away from a man the persons he loves and how thin and illusive all these other motives seem.

It is no acicdent that Jesus founded Christianity not in any great book, not on any great moral law, though Christianity has its book and its moral law, but the heart of Christianity is a personal relationship, "Lovest thou me? Feed my sheep." It was out of their personal love for the Christ that the apostles went out to love and save other men. A man who has not felt the thrill of generous and unselfish brotherhood within him, who has not known sorrow at the sight of the world's misery and ignorance and need, who has not said deep in his heart, "Woe is me if I do not something to make this a better and happier world"—the man who has not felt this thrill of brotherhood within him, I say, is living a poor, starved, meagre little life. If thou wouldst lay hold on the life which is life indeed, lay hold on the life of love and brotherhood.

There is one thing more that remains to be said. There is more in life than health and strength. There is more in life than good cheer, more than knowledge, more than morality, yes, even more than brotherhood. What more? There is a sense of the magic beauty of the world, there is the appeal of music, there is the haunting call of the ideal, there is the longing after higher and better lives, there is the yearning for immortality, there is God, there is religion. It is a great and solemn day in the history of any man when he awakenes to the fact that as a part of the universe he is in some way related to the whole, that his life is not something wholly apart and independent but is something that belongs to God even as the Bay out yonder belongs to the great ocean beyond the hills and feels through the Golden Gate the call and movement of the

tides that come from the mighty depths beyond.

To hear the call of Christ and learn to find in Him not merely the great teacher, the ideal man, but to have some day awakened to the realization that He is the expression in terms of a human life of the very heart of God; to have experienced the relief, the comfort, the vast new power that comes with the practice of prayer; to let one's vision reach out beyond this life until it sees the light shining on the hills of the eternal life; that eternal life here and now, in a word, to have laid a personal hold on the religion of Jesus Christ, this is to find life larger and richer and deeper than it ever was before.

There are men all around us whose lives are only pitiable fragments of the thing the Lord God dreamed when He breathed into man the breath of life. Is yours? Is mine? Or are we laying hold on the life which is life indeed?

Oakland, Cal.

"ALLIES OF THE CHURCH."

By W. N. Burr.

That is a kindly editorial note in the last Congregationalist, May 29, headed "Elements of Hope for the Country Towns." The "elements" noted are "the Grange and other social orders," and the largely unrecognized power of the church. A pastor who has served a third of a century in a town having one Protestant church is quoted as saying: "Social, literary, fraternal organizations, outside of the church, are not necessarily antagonistic to the work of the church. They may be made the stanch allies of the church; the Christian spirit may be carried into them all. The same thing may be said of the efforts of young people to find entertainment, and the boys and girls to secure sports. The province of the church is not to suppress these tendencies, but direct and purify and leaven their spirit." And The Congregationalist adds: "If we judged the moral tone of many communities by church attendance and the adequacy and enthusiasm of the support accorded the church, there might often be cause for great discouragement. But the church has allies in the school, the library and certain social forces. They would not long flourish were there no church in the background. Sometime those who support these other institutions will recognize also the necessity of maintaining the church. Meanwhile, it must be patient and charitable. Those who in rural towns stand for organized religion deserve high praise, for though the visible results may seem few, they are helping to maintain an institution essential to the nation's preservation."

I am glad The Congregationalist did not get excited and wield the big stick in dealing with the "social orders." Some of us have not very much use for them ourselves, because we have something so much higher and deeper and broader and better in every way that we do not enjoy the level of the "lower orders;" but that fact would not justify us in an attempt to cudgel the life out of them. Protoplasm has its place. Even "unicellular organisms" are not to be wholly despised. Such things furnish the student mind with something to "study;" and the man who will take time to "study" carefully our "living social problems" will find that the fraternal societies are a natural growth produced by prevailing conditions. They spring up as naturally as mushrooms in wet weather. And mushrooms have their place. Some people esteem them a table delicacy. Some of the rest of us much prefer good, old-fashioned bread-and-butter. I have never yet acquired the taste for mushrooms. Somehow, they seem to be too much of the earth, earthy. They suggest the temporal, the fleeting, the unsubstantial, the grass of the field which today is, and tomorrow is cast into the oven. Bread-and-butter, or even bare bread without the butter suggests life, vigor, strength. O, the Bread of Life seems to me so sweet, and wholesome that I have no relish at all for the mushrooms. They taste very flat and insipid after I have been eating of the Bread of Life, and drinking of the Water of Life. Somehow there is something so attractive to me in the Voice that cries, "If any man thirst let him come unto me and drink," and "I am the Bread of Life," that no mushroom feast allures me. But I know there are people who do like mushrooms, and there are perhaps some "pure food" qualities in them. They certainly do not poison those who eat them, if they are of the edible variety. But I have heard that considerable care must be exercised in selecting them. There is something that looks very much like the harmless mushroom that is full of deadly poison.

Yes, there are people who relish good, wholesome bread and who are very fond of mushrooms, too. The two can be eaten together without disastrous results. But after all it is the good bread that is of real worth. A diet of mushrooms alone is not very strengthening. They will do as an occasional dish; but bread!—well, as for me and my house we want bread on the table three times a day, year in and year out.

The fraternal orders are no doubt all right, as fraternal orders. But fraternity is not the end of life, though many are persuaded to think so. "The end of life is to do the will of God," to quote Henry Drummond. "And this is the will of him that sent me, that every one which seeth the Son, and believeth on him, may have everlasting life. * * And this is life eternal, that they might know thee, the only true God, and Jesus Christ, whom thou hast sent," to quote the Master's words as recorded by John. When my heart cries out to know the will of God, fraternity does not satisfy that heart cry. O, brother man, I love you, whatever you are, and wherever you may be found. I would spend and be spent for your sake. But my soul thirsteth, too, for God, for the living God; and I want Him for **Himself,** not merely that I may learn of Him how I may better know and help you. The brotherhood of man is one of my heart passions; but the Fatherhood of God and the glory of joint heirship with Jesus Christ is another of my heart passions, and it has first place. The Master's second command is like unto the first, but it is second, and I must put the emphasis upon these two as He has placed it.

The fraternal orders have their own mission. The church has its own peculiar mission, too—it is here to lift up the Christ that men may be drawn to Him who is the Way, the Truth and the Life. My heart is glad when I see the letters—F. L. T. and others—which the "orders" display as indicating the foundation sentiments on which they are built; but there are deeper heart stirrings when I see the W. T. L. of the church, and remember that firmer foundation can no man lay than is laid, which is Jesus Christ, the Way, the Truth, and the Life.

Above all fraternal orders I love the church, because it stands for Him in whom my soul takes delight. Even the "Christian spirit" which may be carried into all fraternal orders, does not fully satisfy. I want closer dealings with **Him** than the fraternites afford.

La Canada, Calif., June 3, 1909.

ENDEAVOR NOTES.

Wm. H. Scudder.

Pilgrim Progress Series VI.
Topic for June 20th. The hill "Difficulty."
Rom. 7: 14-25; 2 Cor. 6: 1-10.

The hill "Difficulty" is set right in the path which leads to the Celestial City. It serves as a Test. Not every one that seeks to avoid it should be termed a Formalist or a Hypocrite, but he certainly is a Weakling. Robust Christianity springs, not from measuring the difficulty, but considering the qualities which the conquest of it will develop in our characters.

Time was when young Christians were led to think that there was virtue in having to struggle up the hill. By-paths, short cuts, and makeshifts; excuses, shirkings, and refusals were disdained as unworthy of one who had such a Master as Jesus. We may not say the former days were better than these, but we need the same spirit of the bygones to make these better.

The great strengthener for the climb up hill Difficulty, is the draught from the spring of prayer found at the bottom. Neither Formalist nor Hypocrite stopped at that spring. Formalist had his prayer in his head if anywhere; Hypocrisy never had any, for the first requisite of true prayer is honesty with ourselves, and frankness before God.

Prayer does not remove the Difficulty, but it helps us to meet it. This is beautifully expressed in these words of Robinson's:

Lord, what a change within us one short hour,
Spent in Thy presence, will prevail to make;
What heavy burdens from our bosom take;
What parched grounds refresh as with a shower!
We kneel, and all around us seems to lower;
We rise, and all, the distant and the near,
Stands forth in sunny outline, brave and clear.
We kneel; how weak! We rise; how full of power!
Why therefore should we do ourselves this wrong,
Or others, that we are not always strong?
That we are overborne with care,
That we should ever weak or heartless be,
Anxious or troubled, when with us is prayer,
And joy, and strength, and courage, are with Thee?

Our spirits need refreshment as truly as our bodies, but it may well be a matter of thought how to obtain it, and when. The Five Virgins were not chided for slumbering while the bridegroom tarried, but for not having oil in their vessels with their lamps. The disciples were remonstrated with when they slept in Gethsemane, because it was an hour when their spiritual faculties should have been all alert in sympathy and helpfulness for the heart that was enduring anguish, and undergoing a grevious strain.

Timorous and Mistrust are with us yet, and their example is exasperatingly demoralizing Two can turn a regiment when fear is in the ascendancy, and it is so much easier to run down hill than to plod upward. "The further we go, the more danger we meet," and "There are lions in the way." It is a case of the Spies and the Promised Land, which means forty years in the wilderness.

Just stop to figure out how many turn back because of Mistrust. We believe in Christianity and want to be counted as disciples; but things have gotten a little mixed. We want to walk by sight, not by faith. We fear the ledger will show a balance on the wrong side and therefore keep open on the Sabbath. We fear our competitor will get the trade, and have to practise little dishonesties just to keep ahead. In this age of the material and tangible, Mistrust has multiplied followers who trust in themselves while they keep their powder dry. Call the roll of the Heroes of Faith, and see that you are among them. Faith is the very essence of Christian living and needs to be practised in a practical fashion.

Among the Churches

Oakland, Plymouth, reports ten new members, one on confession of faith and nine by letter.

Oakland, Fourth.—Seven new members were received at the Communion Service last Sunday, all on confession of faith.

Alameda, First Church.—The pastor, Rev. L. Potter Hitchcock, and Mrs. Hitchcock are sojourning in the Yosemite Valley. Last Sunday the pulpit was supplied in the morning by the Rev. Alfred W. Hare, who preached a Memorial Day sermon. In the evening the congregation united with the congregation of the First Presbyterian Church in a special stereopticon service. About one hundred views of battle scenes, commanding generals, etc., were shown.

Rio Vista.—The church at Rio Vista celebrated its 40th anniversary last week. Letters of greeting from former pastors were read at the morning service and proved stimulating. Thirteen children were presented for baptism. Professor Geo. D. Castor made a deep impression by a sermon in the evening, setting forth the problems which the Church has to face, and pertinently asking whether it had faith and aggressiveness to meet them. Monday evening was given to a social time. The indefatigable Arlett presented the Brotherhood Movement in such a way as to inspire the hope that the country church is no longer a cipher, but counts for 10 because of the one brotherhood into which it can merge itself.

Campbell.—The recent annual supper and meeting marked the sixth of Mr. Atkinson's pastorate with the church. The reports were all encouraging, each department of church work and activity is in good condition and the outlook for the future promising. When the present pastor came six years ago, he found a church of 100 members. During the six years 99 have been received; of the 164 now on the church roll 82 have been received during the present pastorate. The pastor's class of High School girls has raised $56 for missions since Christmas. They also support a mission Sunday-school in Bulgaria, i. e., paying the rent for the building each year. The new year opens quiet, but with courage. New additions to the building have been made.

Pomona.—On Memorial Sunday at Vespers there was held a most interesting religious campfire which was in charge of one of the twelve veterans who sat upon the platform. When the organ pealed forth "Onward Christian Soldiers," the veterans marched to the platform, followed by the Boys' Brigade in uniform, who occupied reserved seats in the auditorium. The Boys' Brigade recited the Twenty-third Psalm in concert, followed by Scripture read-

ing, prayer and remarks by the soldiers. The choir rendered several patriotic musical numbers, which added much to the effectiveness of the service. On Wednesday evening, June 2, the Ladies' Missionary Union held its services in place of the regular prayer meeting. The topic was, "Work in the Hawaiian Islands," which was presented in a most interesting manner by former residents of the islands.

NOTES AND PERSONALS.

Next Monday, June 14, Professor Buckham will read his paper on "John Calvin" before the Ministers' Meeting of San Francisco and vicinity.

Rev. A. Drahms, by a unanimous vote, was elected pastor of the First Congregational Church, Hilo, Hawaii. He has accepted. It carries with it a salary of $200 per month and parsonage. He takes charge August 1st.

WHAT THE MAN SAW.

A Report of a Woman's Missionary Meeting.

By Wm. T. Patchell.

I was sitting in the pretty little church at Palo Alto listening to the women of the Missionary Board as they made their reports and discussed the work to be undertaken. A missionary meeting, and a woman's missionary meeting at that, is not usually thought of as a place where large and powerful interests are furthered,—the world's cheap sneer is widespread enough—and yet I could not but understand that this meeting was similar to a gathering of statesmen who are set to consider international problems. There was a tremendous breadth and power revealed. Things usually confined to the secret conference of great political leaders were here freely criticised; as when, with reference to the attitude of the world nations toward the Armenian massacres, these women determined whether policy controlled, and if failure to act advisedly were not due to a real lack of grasp and comprehension, one could not fail to be impressed. Here was an easy balancing of world interests that was born of world knowledge, and a moral force that drove straight to the heart of things. "Had the captain of our cruiser been authorized to act he would have saved many lives." And somehow, listening to this quiet woman who was at the place of need, who was involved in the effort to save life, it all seemed true.

The speaker was herself a striking illustration of the power that comes from a great practical service. She was no public speaker,—not at all—she made no generalizations, she commanded neither logic nor philosophy. Instead she had back of her a husband and seven children and fifteen years of missionary work in Asia Minor. She saw only the years unrolling before her and timidly put her finger in this or that experience with no consciousness whatever of the epic nature of her tale. "There were sixteen girls hiding in a bath-room 7x4. They whispered their prayer and repeated the Ninety-first Psalm." And I saw the sixteen girls crushed together; I saw their strained, terrified faces, and somehow diplomatic proceedings seemed inadequate.

At Adana the Annual Meeting was in session, but, "with the firing on the streets, the burning houses and the women screaming on the house-tops they could not compose themselves to listen to reports." And as most of the native pastors were brutally killed—was it all but one? I forget—the fact that they "could not compose themselves to listen to reports" is permissable. And again "When they brought the bodies in"—Rogers and Maurer, the two missionaries killed—"they all restrained themselves; there were no tears;" I found myself wondering what Rogers' wife was doing—her first baby was only a few weeks old, and of the two silent forms lying on the floor one was the father who went out a few minutes before to help save the city. I remember clearly when I discovered Matthew Arnold's famous line—

"The unplumbed, salt enstranging sea,"

but yesterday, this unliterary woman having passed from Hadjin and Tarsus to other Central Turkey points came to Antioch, where one man had labored many years and she said that he found—

"All of his flock taken—not even a baby left."

Would not even Arnold or Stevenson wish they could have said that? Tennyson would have given his cheap laureateship or his title for it. But he never equalled it—nor Arnold nor Stevenson.

Writing his mother, do you remember Stevenson's cry, "Tamate has lived!" The great missionary, Chalmers, was the one human soul before which Stevenson's ranging spirit humbled.

Wellman, a missionary physician from the heart of Africa, was speaking. He is the man whom Roosevelt asked to come to Washington to advise with him about the famous trip. He wanted him to become one of the party. He writes scientific medical books and performs capital operations—brilliantly!—without facilities. "I was walking through the tropical jungle," he said, "three hundred miles in the interior, and I heard the sound of singing. Some one was singing, "Day is dying in the West," and soon I came to an open glade and found a native woman leading a prayer meeting." She was a savage woman remember; sunk in age old degradation, and about her the gloomy forest rolled illimitable; but somehow that "Day is Dying inthe West" seemed to flood the deep jungle with a golden glory, and to walk, a missionary, in Darkest Africa, and to step out into such a glade and to meet such a woman was to stand illumined in the scintillating fire-radiances of God.

I looked about the room and wondered if these women themselves understood the significance and power of their work. Did they realize the strength of the vast and terrible forces they were unloosing? So easy it appeared to meet in beautiful Palo Alto. The hour was happy; for the golden sun, the blue sky, and the warm splendid flowers filled one's consciousness with color and fragrance, and though we agonized in Turkey or walked the gloomy aisles of Africa, about us lay the penetrating joyousness of a California June day. But when they prayed and planned to raise money, did they know the meaning of that they did? I recalled Karshish, who wrote—

"When, being young,
We both would unadvisedly recite
Some charms beginning, from that book of his,
Able to bid the sun throb wide and burst
All into stars, as suns grown old are wont.

Thou and the child have each a veil alike
Thrown o'er your heads, from under which ye both
Stretch your blind hands and trifle with a match
Over a mine of Greek fire, did ye know!"

What terrible force does prayer originate, that as a result of this meeting a woman somewhere shall detach the clinging interests of home and walk out into an alien land alone, there to suffer and serve and live, or perhaps to die? Or that a man shall lie dead in the streets of Adana, or on the far plains of China, while women and children shall go mourning? Are we children stretching blind hands and trifling with a match over mines of Greek fire? For surely to give money or to pray for missionary service is to originate resistless movements into which shall be swept men and women and little children to an unknown destiny. And I wondered that they dared, if they knew, thus to recite the charm able to bid the sun throb wide and burst.

But they were happy women; perhaps intellectually superior to any group of women one could gather. But superior in a fashion unlike pure intellectualism for their intellect is fused with love and this intelligence is of the finer and higher kind that is born of experience. Almost any one of them would go herself if the call came. As it is they are engaged in some great true labor themselves and love is the characteristic attitude. "I do not think you know," one said to me, "how much we love you." I blushed and stammered like a school boy. Oh, she is a grandmother herself the mother of ten children and with her husband has stood through many long, beautiful years giving life and love to every need. Of course I did not know! But life is more gracious for me because of what she said. Love is the mastering spirit of their lives; Love that is rich and full at home as well as far away; Love that recognizes and relieves an immediate and local need as well as a distant call. For these are the ones who above all others interest themselves in that which is near.

"Why are you here?" I found myself questioning as I saw one splendid woman taking her place. I know her life; I know something of the days and nights where, submerged in a great city, she and her husband carry the sorrow and joy of many impoverished ones. It seemed rather that her half-day should be spent at the seashore that she might renew her soul for the arduous service she gives. But instead she comes radiant and strong to this place to inquire into the world's need to see if she can help lift the burden of life.

"I am studying Spanish," she said; "I have some Mexican scholars to teach." And this seems to be her reward.

And now one is speaking from the floor—a young and comely matron; and we know, all of us, that with her husband she suffers a very crucifixion in the social passion consuming their hearts; that insistent they cry out against injustice and in every word and in every act reval a fine, high intolerance of social wrong.

And there is never an old maid in this gathering. A spinster goes to the gathering and sends a quick, bell-like voice across the audience, but out from a halo of soft gray hair flashes the face of the eternal child. She is too interested, her love runs too far, there are too many voices calling, for her ever to atrophy. Two of the women who preside this afternoon are mothers each of five children. They have wrought and labored, and are today, and their children are beautiful and good. These are happy and normal women. Their lives are chastened and sweetened by great, splendid activities and by big human interests. Together they create an atmosphere of serene joyousness and strength as though they had discovered the very meaning and the truth of life itself.

I suspect that the "Horse Show" at Madison Square Gardens is a more spectacular affair than a Woman's Missionary meeting. I read of women gowned and jewelled as queens; but they are after prizes and a personal triumph, and contrasted with this meeting of the Woman's Board of the Pacific their purpose makes them appear cheap and glaring. "The madman saith he says so" sings Karhsish—

"The very God! think, Abib; dost thou think?
So, the All-Great were the All-Loving too,—
So, through the thunder comes a human voice
Saying, "O heart I made, a heart beats here!
Face, my hands fashioned, see it in myself!
Thou hast no power nor mayst conceive of mine,
But LOVE I gave thee, with myself to love,
And thou mayst love me who have died for thee!"

Perhaps love is all. Perhaps as a liberal truth of being, happiness lies in service. Perhaps to engage in missionary work earnestly, enthusiastically, royally, is to discover life. Perhaps the ultimate secret for which men have sought weary-eyed and hopeless is at last the word of the Master, "He that loseth his life shall find it," and the cross is become the symbol of Eternal Triumph. For as the afternoon waned, and still we listened to the story, to the World's Call, that we called a Woman's Missionary Society was lifted up even beyond a world-wide interest. It assumed infinite relations. For the walls of the Temple seemed once more to fade away, and we saw the smoke billowing about the Great Throne and heard again the dread seraphim chanting, "Holy, Holy, Holy, is Jehovah of Hosts: the whole earth is full of his glory;" and though the foundations of the thresholds shook at the voice of him that cried, it was at last the dear stammering human tongue crying, "Here am I, send me, O Lord" that filled His earth with glory.

QUARTERLY MEETING OF THE W. B. U. P.

A large and representative gathering marked the day at Palo Alto, when for the first time the Woman's Board held a meeting. The fine organ led a rousing chorus of praise in the well known hymn, "Jesus Shall Reign," and Mrs. Alden of the Presbyterian Board conducted a Bible reading and study about "Beginnings of missionary effort as set forth in the call and work of Paul."

Secretary's notes were read and approved, followed by reports of secretaries and superintendents, showing steady work in the different departments.

The box to be sent to Bronsa is now ready.

We have a new missionary, Miss Annie Allihin, who has recently sailed for Kioto to assist Miss Denton, especially teaching music. While here she was entertained in several ways, and we feel great interest in our youngest missionary.

The treasurer reported receipts to date, $5286.92, and desires all auxiliaries and branches to forward money as soon as possible.

Mrs. Edwards of San Jose conducted a discussion as to ways and means of increasing the efficiency of the auxili-

aries, and of reaching the young people, which brought out several helpful ideas as to the value of the quiet hour, of music and literature.

Miss Richards said she was a woman with a hobby: this had been with her for several years, namely, the formation of all auxiliaries into a Northern California Branch; this to be organized like the other branches, with center perhaps in some other city than San Francisco or Oakland, so as to reach a large number of our members who seldom can attend our meetings here. This will relieve the Directors in their meetings, who now have so much routine business for the auxiliaries, consuming valuable time which should be given to the larger interests of the Board. This short account includes the opinions of many, which were ably expressed, and brought a motion from Miss Richards that we form a Northern California Branch and that a committee of five be appointed to perfect the organization, to bring in a Constituion, and list of officers, an dto report at our meeting in September. On being put to vote this motion was unanimously adopted.

Mrs. Baldwin of Palo Alto spoke of the entertainment given by Mrs. Abbie Snell Burnett, who impersonates native life in India, and appears before clubs, etc.

After the bountiful lunch, the devotional exercises were conducted by Mrs. Perkins, whose thought was taken from Psalms 111:2, "The works of Jehovah are great, and sought out of all them that have pleasure therein."

Mrs. Wagner spoke of Mt. Hermon Summer School of Missions held the last week of July, and introduced Miss Hill of San Jose, who told of and showed the paper published by their society.

Dr. Frederick C. Wellman, from the West Central African Mission presented "Some Aspects of Missionary Work" in this mission: The women are a fine race, physically and mentally; they are taught all useful branches for mothers and housekeepers. As a Christian convert can have nothing to do with the medicine men, our medical work is most useful. He told of the wise saying of a partly clothed woman who was doing much good in the hospital: "It is not what you have on, but how you conduct yourself that counts;" and he begged us to send out twice as many to teach, to preach, to heal.

A fine rendering of "The Lord is My Shepherd" was beautifully given.

Mrs. Marden pointed on the map the various stations in Turkey, and gave a narrative of the late massacres, as recently received from those who have been giving succor as far as possible to the surviving Armenians.

A rising vote of thanks was giving to the ladies of Palo Alto Church, and Rev. Mr. Tenney led in concluding prayer.

NOTICE.

The committee of the Rockhurst (Mill Valley) Conference have issued a call for united prayer for revival on the Pacific Coast. All whose hearts are burdened with this desire are invited to observe the following designated days and so far as possible to give the help and encouragement of their personal participation in meetings for prayer and conference as follows: Rockhurst, Mill Valley, June 10-11; San Francisco, Plymouth Congregational Church, June 13-18; Oakland, First Presbyterian Church, June 20-23; Los Angeles, June 30-July 4. Very sincerely yours,

A. FULLER.

THE HOME

"BE VERY SURE I NEED IT."

I cannot tell why there should come to me
A thought of some one miles and years away,
In swift insistence on the memory,
Unless there be a need that I should pray.

He goes his way, I mine; we seldom meet
To talk of plans or changes, day by day,
Of pain or pressure, triumph or defeat,
Of special reasons why 'tis time to pray.

We are too busy even to spare a thought,
For days together, of some friends away;
Perhaps God does it for us, and we ought
To read His signal as a call to pray.

Perhaps, just then, my friend had fiercer fight,
A more appalling weakness, a decay
Of courage, darkness, some lost sense of right—
And so, in case he needs my prayer, I pray.

Dear, do the same for me! If I intrude
Unasked upon you, on some crowded day,
Give me a moment's prayer, as interlude;
Be very sure I need it, therefore pray.

—Marianne Farningham.

THE APPARITION.

The mother entered the boudoir of her daughter and closed the door behind her.

Then she seated herself, facing the girl with a dream in her eyes, and took her hand.

"I want a little talk with you this morning," she began: "Will you listen?"

A faint shadow crossed the face of the girl, and the dream in her eyes fled affrighted.

But she answered with a single acquiescing and perhaps appealing monosyllable. "Yes," she said.

"It is about Paul," the mother continued. "I think he comes here too often; you are so young—too young to have men calling to see you. It is foolish to distract your mind from music and studies, with the nonsense which men talk to girls."

The girl leaned forward, but her glance reached beyond her mother's chair, and she seemed to listen to some sound other than her mother's voice.

"Pardon me, mother," she said, "but I am sure some one knocked at the door."

The mother went to the door, opened it, and peered into the corridor.

"There is no in sight," she said, and resumed her seat. "Paul is a fine fellow, I know," she continued, "but he, too, is wasting time in calling on you so often. He should be thinking of his future, and of the work he is given to do in life, and he should be applying himself seriously to it."

"But, mother, he often talks to me of just these things; and he says he always goes away stirred with new and noble ambition after he has seen me. I am an encouragement to him."

The mother frowned. "That is an old platitude," she said. "Men have talked this way to women since the world began; it means nothing, my child. It is a waste of your time to listen to such things."

Again the girl leaned forward. "Mother, there is surely some one trying to enter the door."

"There is no one, I tell you," repeated the mother impatiently," "and you must listen to me until I have finished. The time you sacrifice to Paul would make you proficient in French or on the piano; for you not only give him time when he calls, but you read his notes, and you dress for him, and you are growing idle and dreamy when he is not here. I really must insist that you ask Paul to remain away, and that you return to your old habits of study."

The girl touched her mother's arm, and her eyes were dilated. "Some one came into the room just then," she said. "Some one is behind you, mother."

The mother turned with a start, but saw nothing. "You are trying to distract me, but I shall finish what I came to say;" and her voice grew stern. "Men from the cradle to the grave have always been in the habit of encroaching on woman's time, without apology. They expect her to bestow sympathy, diversion and amusement, and they never think they are obliged to give anything in return. You must learn to understand them at their real value, and to direct your life accordingly."

"But Paul gives me his society, in return for mine," the girl replied, "and I enjoy him; he is interesting and attractive."

The mother's frown deepened; there was asperity in her tone. "That is mere sentimental nonsense. You are too young to know whether a man is interesting or attractive. You should not think of such things; you should be thinking only of your studies at this age."

"Mother, there is, there is some one—something—behind you."

The mother rose. "You need a specialist for nervous disorders," she said. "Your brain has become visionary. Your nerves are affected. I will see the doctor today about you. You must be in bed at 9 o'clock hereafter, and you must stop all this sentimental folly."

"Mother, turn quickly," the girl cried, "and you will see what is behind you. A vague, shadowy form, but very, very beautiful; and, mother, it is trying to whisper in your ear."

And then the mother turned, and lo! there stood the spirit of her lost youth, and she looked straight in its eyes. "Why, I had quite forgotten you," she said very gently, after a silence.

"I thought so," replied the phantom; "that is why I came. But I will not detain you. I only wanted to be remembered." And with a smile at the young girl, the phantom waived its hand and was gone.

And the mother smiled, too, and went over and kissed her daughter, and said: "Well, one can be young but once, and Paul is a good boy. after all." And she went out softly.

And the dream came back in the girl's eyes.—Ella Wheeler Wilcox, in Lippincott's.

THE WORKING GIRL WITH NO WORK.

Heloise Arnold.

In several weeks' searching I found only one advertisement giving the firm name and address that sounded well even on paper. A wholesale house wanted a woman for general office work. The advertisement was in a Sunday paper and I applied for the position on Monday morning. Purposely I went late, about eleven o'clock. Several girls and women entered the elevator with me, one a solemn individual with false hair and spectacles, dressed in the fashion of twenty years ago. She looked very stern and very pale, and I knew that she was quaking inwardly with fear and suspense. This woman came with us as we found the office of the firm I was hunting. The door, as we reached it, opened from the inside and three girls came out; the last, pretty and shy-looking, brushed past me, tears rolling down her cheeks. We walked toward a man at a desk who, as we drew near, looked up and said wearily: "The position is taken, ladies." We turned away, the stern woman paler and sterner than before.

Most of the answers to my applications came within a week, appointing a time for an interview or asking me to telephone for an appointment. The first wanted a department editor for a society paper. I went to the office, as requested over the telephone, and was told diplomatically that what they really wanted was a girl who could make friends easily and could also take a financial interest in the paper. In other words, although my interviewer clothed it beautifully, what they wanted was a society reporter with money to invest. When he found that I couldn't fill this latter requirement he lost interest in me and bowed me out. In the anteroom a gray-haired man sat at a desk ogling the other candidates, some of whom wore the expectant look that characterizes the beginner in the hunt, others with that tired, listless, often discouraged expression that shows the girl who has hunted and hunted, and failed to find. Each of these girls would pass in turn from the stare of the gray-haired man to the smoothly worded explanation of the editor and then out again, more tired, more discouraged than before.

My second interview was heralded by a long letter, in which the manager of a small (very small, I judged) mail order house told me of the position he had open and assured me that if I were an "earnest, conscientious worker, anxious to earn a large salary and be independent in life," he would be glad to see me. I made an appointment and found him in a downtown office. I waited an hour, catching bits of conversation from an inner room, and then the door opened for a businesslike woman; back of her stood a small man, a foreigner with a cigar between his fingers. I had found out that the name under which he had written me was not his own; in fact, he seemed to have several names which he used as a matter of convenience.

He sat down, looked me over, and then talked incessantly for half an hour. He was polite, interesting, and very diplomatic. Finally he said that for the interests of the concern he believed it better to have the woman who took the position put a small amount of money into the business. I appeared to debate, whereupon he said: "Well, think it over. I know you could do the work if you were with ——'s," naming a firm of which I had never heard and certainly had never mentioned, a little mistake that I didn't correct. A few days later I received a letter offering me the position if I would invest $500.

As for the others, an elderly man who had spent twelve years perfecting his "system," he said, wanted me for his executive secretary, provided I could pay $5.00 down to help advertise. My salary would be modest at first but would expand enormously when he was fairly started. In fact, absolutely the only one that did not require an investment was a request for a correspondent, and the salary offered was a mere pittance for the work desired.

This was the field offered by the newspaper advertisements for clerical or executive work, as I found it. It was one holding despair for the working girl. One stenographer, a pretty, attractive girl, applied for five positions. Each time she was suavely received and given to understand that the position was hers upon condition of accepting certain terms impossible to any self-respecting girl.

It is in these hard times that the "situation wanted" column grows long and is filled with vaguely worded advertisements for every sort of position. These are inserted usually by hopeful women who confidently expect many answers. A woman that I knew spent $2.00, which was risking her all, to advertise in a Sunday paper for a position. She waited and waited for the replies that never came, not realizing that business men do not hunt these columns when they wish to fill a vacancy.

If a girl has money to spend for anything except stamps and carfare to places where it is impossible for her to walk, she will try every means in her power of obtaining work. So, though it is like gambling with one's last cent, she at last stakes it on the employment agency. A very pleasant woman usually interviews her, and tells her that without doubt a position will soon be found, and to wait until sent for. After the fee is paid the cordiality and interest seem to diminish. The girl thinks of the large sum to be extracted from her salary when she obtains the position, but to get the work is the main thing, so she waits as directed. It is reasonably sure that a large agency with a reliable clientele should be able to place a girl quickly. But if the employment work has been practically stopped throughout a large city, an agency has no more chance, or very little more, than the girl herself—a fact which she realizes only after her money is gone.

At one time an agency sent a girl, who had paid the usual sum, to the manager of a young and "growing" firm, to apply for a position as office assistant. The manager was himself young, decided, and to the point. He said: "You will have thirty-five girls under you. Your salary will be $8.00 to start. As soon as you have proved that you can hire girls worth $10 for five, and get $10 worth of work out of them, your own salary will increase in proportion."

Investigation along the lines of personal application, either by letter or direct application, brought to light only the same scarcity of positions. The superintendents of big department stores told me that they had discontinued hiring until April, at least. One man, head of a famous store, was telephoning when I went to see him. He was asking the heads of his departments how many girls could be laid off on that Saturday. When I had finished he turned to me, saying: "You see what the conditions are here. I am not hiring anyone until spring."

The replies to my applications sent by mail were uniformly courteous and regretful, but each breathed the same conditions. Except in unusual cases or when a position was vacant and had to be filled, all houses were spending as little money as possible, the more conservative hoping for little change until after the fall election.

This state of affairs has been a very potent and very dreadful factor in the life of the working girl. There are many tales of privation, despair, degradation, as a result, that have not yet ended. One girl, alone in a boarding house, who had been earning $12 a week, was suddenly left without a position at the beginning of the year. Sure of her ability and ignorant of true conditions, she at first refused several eight and ten-dollar positions, because the extra money meant so much to her and she was sure that she could find something at her previous salary. But day after day passed and soon she could find nothing at even $10 or $8.00. All her little jewelry, bit by bit, she carried to the pawnshops. She moved to a cheaper rooming house, where the surroundings were almost unbearable. Night after night she lay on the little iron bed wondering what the next day would bring, and what would happen soon if it brought nothing but despair. Finally, through a business acquaintance, she obtained a position as file clerk at $5.00 a week, which she welcomed with great joy, though it meant the most meager pay and very hard work. But she had learned by experience what the certain knowledge of $5.00 every week, though only five, could mean.

The working girl without a home, without any valuables to pawn, and more than all, without a position, is shunned by all with whom she may have business dealings. To most girls the thought of applying to the Salvation Army or a charitable institution is torture, but there is no other way in which she can obtain food and lodging for a pittance. For she cannot, like a man, hunt a new lodging house every night and be respectable. Dependent on the kindness of the woman in whose house she rooms, for the very bed she sleeps on, she can only hunt and hunt for work, always walking, always asking, always searching, until the very discouragement and despair that show on her face make the possibilities of success more impossible. And still she hunts.—The Interior.

IN THE SCHOOL OF I'LL TRY.

Oh, there's many a Smile, and there's many a Sigh,
In the school of I'll Try;
And there's many a Wish, and there's many a Why
In the school of I'll Try.
But it's Being and Doing that win, after all,
Through many a failure and many a fall;
For they never drop back very far beyond call,
In the school of I'll Try.

Its the truant and dullard hat never get far
In the school of I'll Try.
But the wise and the willing keep safe above par
In the school of I'll Try.
And it's Hopeful that asks just a bit of a start,
And it's Purpose that knows every line of his part,
And Caring and Daring that never lose heart,
In the school of I'll Try.

—"The King's Own."

Decoration Day—the day on which we honor the memory of those who gave their lives for our country: We honor those who gave their lives—not the dead only but the living whose hoary heads are an everpresent reminder of that noble service. This day ought to be kept a sacred day—not for races and sports and games and dinners—a day sacred to the memory of these noble men. Aside from the debt of gratitude we owe to them it would have a wholesome influence on the present generation. Then too, we should not forget the heroes of the South, who fought for what they believed was right. Let love abound throughout the nation.

INVESTMENT BONDS.

One of our most distinguished pastors in a recent address to young men on their expenditures advised them "to invest in good Bonds." Such advice is equally applicable to any investors, old or young, men or women.

The following can be conscientiously recommended: "Turlock or Modesto Irrigation Bonds," "People's Water Bonds," "Ocean Shore R. R. Bonds," and "Monterey & Pacific Grove Bonds." All the above will pay from 5¼ to 8 per cent in contrast with bank deposits, which yield only 4 per cent. The following oil stocks will return investors large results: Pinal, paying 15 cents per share monthly; Brook Line 2 cents per share or 15 per cent and 12 per cent respectively.

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